

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Publisher.

DEVOTED TO THE LOCAL INTERESTS OF THE TOWN.

SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.50 a Year.

VOL. X.

ARLINGTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1881.

NO. 27.

## Caldwell at Springfield.

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height Lay the Hessians encamped. By the church on the right Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall— You may dig anywhere and you will turn up a ball. Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago. Nothing more did I say? Stay one moment; you've heard Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the word Down at Springfield! What? No? Come, that's bad. Why he had All the Jersey's adame. And they gave him the name Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge, For he loved the Lord God—and he hated King George! He had cause, you might say, when the Hessians that day Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms, Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew But God—and one of the hireling crew. Who fired the shot! Enough! There she lay. And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband away! Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him, as you stand By the old church to-day; think of him and that band Of militant plow-boys! See the smoke and the heat Of the reckless advance—of that struggling retreat! Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view— And what could you—what should you, what would you do? Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch. For want of more wadding. He ran to the church, Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots, Rang his voice; "Put Watts into 'em, boys; give 'em Watts." And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow, Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago. You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball. But not always a hero like this—and that's all. —Bret Harte.

## THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

"He's a very agreeable, peaceable-behaved young gentleman," said Mrs. Peepandry, rubbing her hands with the motion peculiar to stout, middle-aged boarding-house keepers. "Not a bit particular as to what he eats, and as regular with his week's board as the Wednesday afternoon comes around." "But who is he?" said Mr. Majilton, who, having no special business of his own, was so good as to identify himself with that of his neighbors, and formed, in his sole individuality, the star-chamber and the judge, jury and executioner of the vicinity, speaking from a social standpoint. "That is the question, ma'am—who is he? Regular payments and agreeable manners are a good deal, I'm willing to allow; but what are his conventional indoorments?" Mrs. Peepandry looked puzzled. "I am told," resumed Mr. Majilton, "Mr. Eugene Aram had the polished mien of a gentleman." "Sir?" said Mrs. Peepandry. "And the nihilists themselves probably have their social code." "I'm not acquainted with the family of whom you speak, sir," said Mrs. Peepandry. "I've had a many boarder in my time, but never anybody by that name." Mr. Majilton rubbed his nose in some irritation. "Never mind," said he—"never mind. Details are of no importance. It's the general principle that we must look to." "Certainly, sir," said Mrs. Peepandry, more bewildered than ever. "And you tell me you haven't any idea of Mr. Guyard's profession?" Mrs. Peepandry shook her head. "What references did he bring?" pursued the querist. "Well, sir, now you remind me of it," said the honest woman, "he didn't mention no especial references. He merely said he should probably want the rooms all summer, and would pay in advance, and he gave me a month's rent, in gold, on the spot." "This looks very bad," said Mr. Majilton—"very bad, indeed! For all you know, Mrs. Peepandry, you may be harboring a political spy, a forger, a counterfeiter, even, lowering his toe to a singular undertone, 'a mur-dere.'"

"And a black sarge cloak with a hood! Indeed! talk in that blood-curdling way!" said Mrs. Peepandry, wringing her hands. "And him so little trouble and so regular with his pay!" "Ah, the selfishness of this world—the selfishness of this world!" sighed Mr. Majilton, casting his gooseberry-colored eyes upward. "You seem to forget, Mrs. Peepandry, that you owe something to your neighbors and the world in general, as well as to yourself." Mrs. Peepandry got out her pocket-handkerchief, and shed a few tears behind its folds. How could she tell this high-minded philanthropist that the neighbors and the world in general had never helped her to gain her hard-earned livelihood? What were her poor little private interests to the grand and colossal view of society taken by Mr. Majilton, who had a snug little income of his own, and needed not to track out the course of every penny with microscopic eagerness? "What do you suppose General Gerard would say to this culpable carelessness of yours?" he resumed; "or Mrs. Dalrymple, whose fair, lovely daughters represent the beauty and talent of the neighborhood?" "I'm sure I'm very sorry," sniffed the poor boarding-house keeper, "but—"

"Sorry!" echoed Mr. Majilton. "But of what avail will be your sorrow, when once you have introduced a serpent into these Eden bowers? No, Mrs. Peepandry, I have no desire, believe me, to wound your feelings—I merely desire you to be a little more cautious in your dealings with the world in general. Here's this great diamond robbery at Palace Heights—Miss Duponcean's ancestral jewels gone like a vision. How do we know that your model boarder may not be the head and front of the adept gang who perpetrated this outrage? Good heavens, madam! I've looked up my collection of postage-stamps and rare coins every evening since I heard of the diamond robbery at Palace Heights." "Oh, sir, I'm quite certain," stammered Mrs. Peepandry, "that Mr. Guyard isn't one of the kind to—"

"And I read only last evening in the paper," inexorably pursued Mr. Majilton, "of a gigantic plot to fire all the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and set the Canada woods in a blaze. Am I by any means sure that this mysterious stranger whom you have so injudiciously admitted into our midst is not the diabolical wretch whose fiendish ingenuity is responsible for all this crime?" "Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Peepandry. "Suppose I see him?" said Mr. Majilton, authoritatively. "I can easily introduce myself, and—"

"But you can't, sir," cried the poor landlady; "for he's just took the express to New York, to be gone all day, and I've got the whitewasher and the carpet-beater here; and Bridget, with a pale of hot water and scouring soap—"

"Oh," said Mrs. Majilton, "it's very unfortunate—very!" "Perhaps you'd like to look at his room, sir?" suggested Mrs. Peepandry. "Well, it wouldn't do any harm for me just to glance around a little," said Mr. Majilton. And with a majestic stride he followed Mrs. Peepandry into the apartment of the city boarder. The whitewasher, with his ebon countenance beaming beneath a paper cap, was mixing a miniature maelstrom of white foam in his pail. Bridget, mounted upon a stepladder, was dusting the books, which were ranged, not without artistic elegance and taste, on home-constructed shelves. At the sight of the house-cleaning phalanx every domestic impulse was roused in Mrs. Peepandry's nature. "Bridget," she cried, shrilly, "have you commenced on those books without cleaning this closet?" "Please, m," retorted Bridget, "the closet was crum-jam full of things, as I didn't venture to take the liberty to move."

"It's only dressing-gowns, and fanning-gloves, and such like," said Mrs. Peepandry.

"Please, m, there's a false face there," argued Bridget. "And ten boxes, as I didn't know but they might be full of spirits of niter and glycerine."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Peepandry, herself plunging into the depths of the closet, while Mr. Majilton peered cautiously over her shoulder. "Spirits of niter and glycerine, indeed! I never heard such folly in my life!"

"A mask, eh?" said Mr. Majilton. "It looks bad—very bad! And a black sarge cloak with a hood! Indeed! talk in that blood-curdling way!" said Mrs. Peepandry, wringing her hands. "And him so little trouble and so regular with his pay!"

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# Arlington Advocate

OFFICE,  
SWAN'S BLOCK, ARLINGTON AVE.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
CHAS. S. PARKER,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ARLINGTON, JULY 2, 1881.

ADVERTISING RATES:—Reading notices, 25 cts. a line; Special notices, 15 cts. a line; Religious notices, 10 cts. a line; Obituary notices, 10 cts. a line. Ordinary advertisements, 8 cts. a line. Subscription, \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cts.

## CLASS OF '81.

### Cotting High School Graduation.

Life is marked by steps or periods as well as the ordinary divisions of time, and each of them, from the first tottering one taken out of youngest babyhood to that last but one,—"the lean and slipper'd pantaloon," awakens interest. There may be others which have a stronger bearing on the future, doubtless many that must be more potent in shaping its objects and aims; but none can be approached with stronger heart-beats than that one which takes the pupil from the Public Schools by means of the graduation class of the High School.

The season for 1881 has come and gone, and another class is now added to the Alumni Association. The perfection of arrangement and adornment for these most pleasant occasions, was reached long ago and little new can be said of the one just closed. It was perfect in all the details, the young ladies being dressed with taste and elegance, and the young men appearing to the best possible advantage.

The floral decorations were more elaborate than usual, and we question if any more striking have been seen. The front of the stage was trimmed with branches of evergreen, thickly studded with flowers, and against the walls was set a mass of the same. This gave the effect of the class seated on a mossy bank, surrounded with flowers. Large bouquets hung from the gas jets, the class motto, "Finis Coronat Opus," formed an arch over the clock, the figures 1881 being underneath. The teachers and scholars of the school occupied the right of the platform, and on the opposite side sat the School Committee, Messrs. Ames and Freeman, and Rev. Mr. Gerry, who made the closing prayer. The design was by Mrs. S. D. Hicks, who superintended its execution and secured its success. The exercises consisted of the following programme:

Salutatory, Hattie F. Wood  
Essay, George Elliot as a Novelist, Nellie F. Russell  
Declamation, Nihilism, (prepared), Frederick L. Rich  
Music.  
Essay, Higher Education of Women, Hattie F. Wood  
French Recitation, Les souvenirs du peuple, Edith A. Hicks  
Oration, The Irish Land League, Hugh Scannell  
Music.  
Declamation, Thackeray's Defence, Howard B. S. Prescott  
Translated from Xenophon.  
Reading, Joan of Arc, Nancy M. Collins  
Oration, Thoughts on the Life of Daniel, Lewis P. Frost  
Music.  
A Glimpse of the Future.  
Music.  
Essay and Valedictory, At the Rubicon, Emma F. Dupree  
Class Song, Nellie F. Russell.  
Together we as classmates meet  
In this, our parting hour,  
Our school-days bright, with pleasure fraught,  
Were spent in learning's lower.  
May those who helped us on our way,  
Our kindest thanks receive;  
Long will we hold their memory dear,  
When we the School ranks leave.

As old time friendships we recall,  
Our hearts with pleasure beat,  
But sad the thought as schoolmates dear  
We never again shall meet,  
However far we chance to roam,  
At last, in heaven above,  
May we all meet around the throne  
Blessed by a Father's love.

No. 10 on the programme was by Mr. James E. Tower, who has been fitting for Amherst under the tuition of Mr. Clay, and was full of good points, fully appreciated by the class and audience.

The Chairman of the School Committee, John H. Hardy, Esq., made a happy speech in awarding the diplomas, and the exercises closed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Gerry.

At a meeting of the Alumni Association, held at the conclusion of the graduation exercises, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—

President, Edward H. Cutter.  
Vice-President, Mrs. E. F. Kendrick.  
Sec. and Treas., Lewis P. Frost.

Members of Ex. Com.—Annie M. Cutter, Arthur Richardson, each for two years.

The company then adjourned to Russell School hall, where the balance of the evening, and on among the small hours, was spent in dancing to the music of J. Howard Richardson's Orchestra. Wm. Tafts, of Boston, officiated as caterer on this joyous occasion, and gave the utmost satisfaction.

### Election of Officers.

The semi-annual election of officers for Arlington Lodge No. 584, Knights of Honor, was held in Reynolds Hall, last Monday evening, and resulting as follows:

Dictator, Charles S. Parker.  
Vice-Dictator, G. S. Cushman.  
Asst. Dictator, Frank P. Winn.  
Reporter, George H. Rogers.  
Financial Reporter, F. V. B. Kern.  
Treasurer, Calvin P. Sawyer.  
Chaplain, Edw. W. Noyes.  
Guide, James A. Marden.  
Guardian, I. O. Carter.  
Scribe, James Bastedo.

### Arlington Boat Club Notes.

A meeting of the Regatta Committee was held Thursday evening and the final arrangements were made for the 4th of July races. They will commence promptly at 9 o'clock, A. M. The first in order will be the sailing race. The boats will be divided into two classes; the Alice, Afton and Adelaide in the first class,—all others in the second. The start will be from the boat house, around the flags at either end of the pond, finishing at starting point; three times over course for first class and twice for second, unless a very light wind should render a shorter race advisable.

Then will follow Whitehall race, over a shorter course, in the eastern part of the pond; single working boat race, double skiff race, tub races, double working boat race, Short swimming race, and diving contest, in which a prize will be given to the person swimming under water the farthest, after diving from float.

The chief contest of the day, and the one that excites the most interest in the members of the Club, is the single working boat race for the "Tribune prize cup." There will be three or four other handsome prizes in this race and the struggle for their possession is likely to be a lively one. As the Club owns but two boats of this description, it will be necessary to row the race in "heats." The Whitehall race will be rowed in the same manner.

A large placard will be posted in a conspicuous place on the boat house, giving the order of the contests, that the spectators may better understand what is taking place.

The diving contest, swimming and tub races, are open to all comers; the others are restricted to members of the Club.

The entry sheet is now open at the club house and entries can be made there any time before the commencement of the regatta, or with either member of the committee, who are W. Proctor, W. Stimpson, S. P. Prentiss, J. P. Poland and Frank Hodgdon. Early notice is desirable. The start and finish of all the races will be directly in front of the boat house.

The citizens of Arlington have subscribed very liberally to a fund for procuring prizes for the regatta; and with that, and the money appropriated by the Club, the committee will offer prizes more valuable than ever before in the history of the Club. They will be on exhibition, Saturday, at Mr. O. W. Whittemore's store.

### Sunday School Concert.

The sessions of the Unitarian Sunday School closed for the usual summer vacation with a pleasant exercise or concert, last Sunday evening, in the vestry of the church, under the management of Mr. H. H. Celley, superintendent of the school. The subject was "Self Denial," and the various parts of the programme taught the lesson most pleasantly. The exercises opened with the usual responsive service and singing, and then followed: "Here a little and there a little," by Helen Hopkins; "The parable of St. Christopher," by Dora Bitzer; "Careful Gardener," by Grace Trowbridge; recitation by Kitty Plimpton; "Entering in," by Miss Esther Bailey; recitation by Freddie Stanton; "Children preaching in Rome," Miss Addie Proctor; "Wanted," by Etta Bacon; song, "Footprints of Angels," by Miss Esther Bailey. Rev. Mr. Gerry, pastor of Hanover St. Chapel, Boston, was extremely happy in his remarks upon the subject of the evening, illustrating the same by many striking incidents. The singing was managed by Prof. Prentiss, and was a pleasing feature of the evening.

### Police Court Matters.

Business in this direction is having an unpleasant revival. Last Sunday afternoon the police found George Perkins, of Lexington, drunk upon the street, and locked him up. Monday morning he was taken before Justice Littlefield, of Winchester, and fined \$1.00 and costs. Sent up for non-payment.

Tuesday morning, about one o'clock, Patrick Hurley was pulled in for being beastly drunk, and the next day was taken to Winchester. Judge Littlefield gave him \$5.00 and costs, in default of which he was sent to House of Correction.

Thursday afternoon Daniel Reardon was brought before John H. Hardy, Esq., at the Arlington Police Court, for assault on his wife, and this being his third offence, he was fined \$10.00 and costs.

### The New Visitor.

No heavenly tramp ever had more distinguished attendance paid it by the votaries of science generally or the astronomers of the press in particular than the young comet whose advent was announced only last week, but which now, even though a departing visitor, is the talk of the time. But, after all, comets are not what they used to be. The middle portion of the century was remarkable for the appearance of brilliant members of the family, and perhaps princely and supreme among all was Donati's comet, whose latest appearance was in 1858. There have been many since but none to compare or even suggest the glory of that one. It grew from day to day until its flaming train illuminated the whole heavens like a grand celestial banner and made the moon seem insignificant. But because it came into plain sight and displayed its beauty and grandeur to the world, it was not half as much talked about as this latest elusive little wanderer. It's the sly comet that excites curiosity and provokes comment.

### CLIPPINGS AND NOTES.

—All Hail!  
—Rain every day this week.  
—William-villain Vendor is only 41.  
—Yes, this is a reform administration.  
—The Public Schools closed this week.  
—The tax bills have been distributed this week.  
—Sidewalk in front of Swan's Hall re-laid this week.  
—The use of fire crackers on the 4th is prohibited.  
—The picnic season at Spy Pond has fully opened.  
—Wm T. Wood & Co. started their new engine this week.  
—We shall publish James E. Tower's "A Glimpse of the Future," next week.  
—Every thing for a first class Fourth of July dinner at the Pleasant Street Market.  
—The regular meetings of G. A. R. Post 36 occur on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.  
—The Commissioners have changed the time for hearing on petition for alterations in road to Winchester, to Sept. 7th.  
—Mr. A. M. Chase returned to Arlington from California, last Saturday, and received a cordial welcome from old friends.  
—Regular meeting of the W. C. T. Union occurs on the afternoon of Friday, July 8, at 3 o'clock, in the vestry of the Universalist church.

—O. W. Whittemore swings into line as a member of the Menotomy Bicycle Club and Dr. Peatfield is on his way to active membership. Next.  
—The Boston Tea Store will not open for business on the 4th, but strawberries ordered on Saturday, will be delivered, fresh, on Monday morning.

—Wakefield and Watertown are having a world of trouble about the introduction of water. It is strange how men differ as to the value of public measures.

—The Congregational Sunday School has voted to hold a picnic during the second week in July. Arrangements are in the hands of a committee of fifteen.

—Mr. A. W. Phillips, of Lexington, will run his barge to Walden Pond Grove, next Monday, July 4th. The barge will leave his stable, at the Monument House, at nine o'clock.

—Persons desiring to aid that most blessed charity, providing recreation for city children by a visit into the country, should address Miss H. G. Putnam, 18 Boylston street, Boston.

—Winchester Star is a new candidate for favor in the newspaper world. It is issued from the office of the Stoneham Independent. We congratulate our neighboring town on having a thoroughly excellent paper.

—The annual convention of the Middlesex County Association, G. A. R., will be held at headquarters of B. F. Butler Post 42, Lowell, Wednesday, July 27, at 11 o'clock A. M. All posts of Middlesex county are earnestly requested to send delegates to this convention.

—Election of officers at Bethel Lodge, Wednesday evening, resulted in choice of Charles S. Richardson, N. G.; Franklin Wyman, V. G.; Warren A. Peirce, R. S.; Wm. L. Clark, Treas. These, and the list of appointed officers, will be installed next Wednesday evening.

—The Arlington Collector or Taxes sold five parcels of land situated on Arlington Heights, for nonpayment of taxes, last Monday afternoon, at his office in Town Hall. Dr. Hodgdon bought three parcels, Thomas P. Peirce and Patrick Kelley one each.

—Rev. A. D. Mayo, who has just returned to Boston from a six month's lecturing tour through the South in the educational interests of that section of the country, will preach at the Unitarian church, Lexington village, Sunday morning. He will give a sermon appropriate to July 4th. Subject,—"The American Trinity—Liberty, Learning and Love."

—Last week Thursday Lexington was honored with a visit from members of the Howard Historical Society, under the escort of Mr. Justin Winsor, librarian of the University, and Dr. Emerson of the faculty. After visiting the various interesting localities, the Society partook of a dinner at the Massachusetts House.

—Thursday evening Mr. C. W. Basline brought to our office a box of the famous Sharpless strawberries, such as he advertises for sale at the Boston Tea Store, "fresh every day" from his own farm. They were simply immense in size and luscious in flavor. One of ours measured nine inches in circumference; another specimen at the Tea Store weighed a trifle over three ounces. Who can show larger.

—Rev. Richard Metcalf, of Winchester, died at his residence in that town, on Thursday, aged 51 years. He has filled the position of pastor of the Unitarian church of that town for fifteen years, and has made for himself a large place in the affections of the people of the town, of all denominations. By his death the temperance cause loses a very effective worker.

—Shut up within ourselves, our minds intent on nothing but the narrow limits of immediate place and time, our hearts and fists clasp tighter on our little own, we shrivel like dry leaves. We find this sentence in Gov. Long's Decoration Day address, and it is deserving of general attention and a wider application than he gave it. Too many men see their bank account or their stocks increasing and flatter themselves on their success in life, when really they are shriveling like dry leaves. Literature has no charms; and a fine painting is looked as though the figures that it cost stand for all it is worth.—Southbridge Journal.

—Some weeks ago we spoke favorably of an edition of the revised New Testament to be issued by the Henry Bill Publishing Co., of Norwich Conn. Last Thursday the volume reached us. Of all the editions thus far it is infinitely the best. In type, paper and binding, arrangement of marginal notes and other helps, it is perfect, and our advice to all our friends and readers is to buy this edition. No book ever came to our table that exceeded the promise of the publishers in nearly every point as this does. They promised perfect accuracy in copying the English publication and this has also been secured, as a published certificate amply testifies. As this language intimates, we are charmed with the volume.

### GATHERING MOUNTAIN LAUREL.

GRAND TRIP BY THE  
LEXINGTON FIELD & GARDEN CLUB  
To Wilton and Greenfield, N. H.

"Bless the man that invented holidays,"—not the long, restful vacation time that comes to the successful business man as the result of his prosperity and the fortunate professional as the generous gift;—but those brief times which come like rifts in the clouds to the busy and toiling mass, and fill their lives, for one brief day at least, with a joy all the more refreshing because so rare. Such a season was last Saturday, when it was our privilege to unite with the Lexington Field and Garden Club in an excursion to Wilton and Greenfield, N. H. The party comprised nearly one hundred and fifty, made up of the Club and invited guests, and it left Lexington by the 7.45, a. m., train in three special cars. On arriving at Boston these cars were attached to the regular 8.30 Northern express, and continued the "home" of the party through the day.

The run to Nashua was without incident, but the utmost sociability prevailed and there was considerable passing back and forth through the cars. At Nashua the party started off on its own hook, under the conductorship of Mr. George E. Thayer, and guarded by Messrs. Frank Green and George E. Dana at the breaks, drawn by the engine "Milford," (Fred Eaton, engineer and Merrill fireman), detailed for special duty on this occasion. At this point, also, we were joined by Mr. George Whiting, of Wilton, with several cans of fresh iced milk, which the active committee soon distributed through the cars with only slight damage to clothing from hands unsteady by the jolting cars.

The short distance of Wilton was quickly accomplished, and there a stop was made to visit the creamery of D. Whiting & Sons, the principal industry of the town. To most of the party it was not only a novel but a wonderful sight to see such quantities of milk, cream, etc., and the scrupulous neatness on every hand made it a pleasure to linger in the several rooms and inhale the fragrant odors. The time allowed was too short to be of much value in securing details, and we passed through the other departments to the cheese room, where hundreds of cheeses were spread upon tables, preparing for the market. The party was under the special guidance of the senior member of the firm, Mr. David Whiting, and he soon had us all inspecting the cheese product, its flavor enhanced by a liberal supply of fresh crackers. Rarely have we seen a party who seemed to more thoroughly enjoy a lunch. Better evidence of excellence in quality could not be had.

The half hour allotted to this recreation passed all too quickly, and gave no time to inspect the butter department or the great cooping establishment on the opposite side of the street, where the boxes, firkins, etc., used by the creamery are made; but we answered the shrill call of the engine all the more readily when told that ample time would be given on the return trip,—that now we must be off to be in time for dinner at Greenfield.

A ride of ten miles ended at Greenfield. The charming scenery was thoroughly enjoyed, some of it being remarkably bold. Sharp eyes kept watch for the pretty blossoms of the mountain laurel, a raid upon which was contemplated for the afternoon, and at frequent intervals a shout from some of the younger excursionists called attention to the huge masses of it standing out against the background of rocks and forest, or brightening up the recesses of some ravine. When Greenfield was reached the party left the train and proceeded to the Mayfield House, a neat hotel kept by the Messrs. Emerson Brothers. Here dinner was to be served, and it must be confessed that some of the visitors had fears that the incursion of such a battalion of hungry people might cause demoralization in the establishment. An agreeable surprise was in store for such persons, however, for although the capacity of the dining hall was not sufficient for all to be seated at once, a good dinner was served immediately to as many as could be accommodated, and everybody was well waited upon. Without hurrying the first division performed its duty at the tables, leaving them with a feeling of perfect satisfaction at everything, and then the remainder of the company had their turn and fared equally well. After dinner the visitors scattered in various directions, the majority walking to the top of the hill on the slope of which the hotel is situated. Here a fine view was obtained in all directions. Peterboro' Mountain and Mount Monadnock being especial features in the landscape.

Reasonable time being allowed for dinner and sight-seeing, the whistle of the locomotive again sounded and the excursionists hurried to the train, first giving the Messrs. Emerson a parting salute of three cheers. From Greenfield to Wilton the train went in a "go-as-you-please" fashion, stopping wherever the party desired. The first stop was made at a point known as "the Gulf," a ravine which the railroad crosses on a trestle bridge ninety feet above the brook which runs through the chasm. From this bridge a fine view is obtained, a fine vista of mountain scenery opening on one side, while on the other side the water rushing through its rocky channel makes a very pleasing picture. While some of the party occupied the time spent here in enjoying the view, others started down the slope of the ravine to make their first onslaught upon the mountain laurel. All had come prepared for the

work, and for a few minutes stout jack-knives were plied vigorously and pieces of strong twine were put to good use in tying together immense bunches of beautiful blossoms. When the whistle sounded one could not but think of Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane, for as the stragglers hurried up the slopes to the train nearly every one was half hidden by the mass of flowers and foliage he or she was carrying. Two other stops were made before Wilton was reached, these being to allow the laurel gatherers full scope for their operations. And now the work proceeded in earnest, varied by the fluting of a bed of wild strawberries, which it would have been almost unnatural to have passed by without removing the ripe fruit. In all directions the laurel showed in masses of white or of delicate pink, and the ruthless jack-knives played among it, and man-moth bouquets were taken from it without appearing to diminish the supply in the least. The attack might aptly be called a "holy war," for were not the ladies looking forward to a grand floral decoration of all the Lexington churches for the morrow? That was why no person appeared to be satisfied with a modest supply. Soon the cars afforded a fore-glimpse of what Sunday was to reveal in the aforesaid churches, for no sooner was the train in motion again than the decorative taste of the ladies began to display itself. The sight was one for an artist. Every seat was a mass of bloom; the blossoms in every conceivable shade of pink were arranged in immense bouquets, filling the brackets and hanging from every hook or projection where a string would hold; and from end to end of each car the bell rope was completely hidden. It would be simply trite to speak of the scene as a bower of beauty. It seemed as though nature herself in one of her most bewitching aspects had captured the train, making it so charming that when the parting hour came it was a matter of regret to be obliged to leave it.

When the party arrived at Wilton it was taken in charge by the Messrs. Whiting and conducted to the elegant residences on the elevated grounds overlooking the village, where they were most cordially received by the ladies of the household. Slipping quietly to one side as the company passed, a little band, of ourselves among the number, went again to the creamery and there had leisure to inspect the process of butter and cheese making. The milk pans (really great troughs, 15 feet long) have a capacity of twelve hundred gallons, and are arranged with tubes through which ice water is passed to expedite the gathering of the cream. At the proper time the "skim milk" is drawn off through faucets in the bottom, and the cream gathered into one great tank. The milk is made into cheese, similar pans to those mentioned above being used, but steam instead of ice water, is passed through the pipes, as the cheese making can only be accomplished at a temperature of about 90°. The "whey" is drawn off by similar means, and this is fed to hogs, of which some hundreds are annually raised by the firm. The pressing of the cheese is by machinery, and in fact, the whole process is accomplished by means of machinery.

The butter making is in a room off from the cheese room, and in this are churns of the Blanchard patent, having a capacity of 100, 150 and 250 pounds of butter, respectively. The butter, after coming from the churns, is worked by machinery, and finally made into lumps, and placed on little shelves in the great refrigerator, each shelf holding a box of butter. Our inspecting was a thorough pleasure and we came away convinced that nearly the perfection of butter and cheese making had been reached at this establishment.

As we left the creamery and passed up the hill to join the main body of the party, we were pleased to notice that the more prominent traces of the great fire of last winter are disappearing under new brick buildings, and that a few months will see great improvements. We found our friends seated under the trees on the velvet lawn, scattered about the veranda or more quietly in the handsomely furnished parlors, talking of the pleasures of the day or making new acquaintances among the tourists who came from Boston, Lynn, and other places. We were also in season to go with Rev. J. J. Twiss, pastor of the Unitarian church and who accompanied the party to Greenfield, to his neat little church. But the crowning feature of this generous and hospitable treatment from Mr. Whiting, his son and grandsons, was an elegant collation, which came with peculiar refreshment after our rambles through the bushes in the hot sun, and was appreciated to the full.

As the time for departure drew near, the company gathered under the trees, where Mr. M. H. Merriam gracefully returned thanks to the Messrs. Whiting for their kindness, his vote of thanks being echoed with three rousing cheers, and "So say we all of us," sung to America. Not to be outdone, young Mr. George Whiting called for three cheers for Lexington people, and the family representatives, in response, showed the Whiting to have good lungs, as well as big hearts. Should any of our readers wonder at such royal reception of strangers by strangers they will find an explanation in the fact that Mr. George O. Whiting, of Lexington, a prominent member of the F. & G. Club, is a member of the firm of D. Whiting & Sons, and those acquainted with him will not be surprised at the treatment the party received. This trip was planned for early in June and Mr. Whiting was to be chief guide, but the lateness of the season kept back the laurel blossoms until after the time Mr. and Mrs. W. had planned for a tour in Europe, and the company were deprived of their company. It may be pleasing to them to know they were not forgotten,—that all realized the generous hospitality was largely because of him. His place as guide was well filled by his nephew George, who made many friends by his gentlemanly and courteous treatment and will be long remembered most kindly by all.

Hand shakings and hearty adieus followed the parting song, and the party, wending its way to the train drawn up at the depot, soon were off on the homeward journey, and arrived in Boston without incident, in good time. With the courtesy which has characterized the B. & L. R. in all its management of late, the 7.45, p. m., train was delayed a few minutes for our convenience, so that almost the very letter of the advertised programme was carried out.

Too much praise cannot be spoken of the committee, Miss Whitman, Messrs. Scott and Merriam, or too generous congratulations be tendered them on the success of the excursion as a whole.

### Lexington H. S. Alumni Reunion.

The plan on which this Association celebrated its annual meeting was similar to that of last year, and was an occasion of rare enjoyment. A. E. Scott, Esq., at the request of the president, filled the responsible position of master of ceremonies most acceptably, and directed the movements of the large company with much skill. The company largely exceeded the number anticipated, from the responses received to the secretary's invitation, and this caused a slight delay in serving the supper, but the interval was pleasantly passed in the lower hall. The dining hall, to which the company was escorted a little before eight o'clock, was beautifully trimmed, and a wealth of flowers adorned the tables. The supper, furnished by Caterer Tufts, was excellent. After supper Mr. Scott gave some pleasant reminiscences and then read extracts from a journal kept by pupils at the time he was principal of the High School, both of which were calculated to review old memories and associations among which we love to dwell.

After singing by a trio, Mr. E. W. Lane, of Waltham, a former principal of the school, related many pleasant reminiscences of his life in Lexington; J. R. Reed, Esq., responded for the school committee; Miss M. F. Whitman read an interesting letter from Miss Annie M. Knight, a graduate in 1862; Miss Laura M. Brigham represented the earlier classes of the school by reading a very elaborate essay on "The Old and New;" Mr. Clifford W. Bryant read an original poem as the representative of the class of '76; Mr. C. P. Pierce responded for the class of '78; Mr. Fred G. Reed for the class of '79, and Miss L. F. Thayer for the class of '80.

Mr. F. O. Carpenter, present principal of the High School, was then called out, and was followed by happy remarks from Rev. E. G. Porter. Letters were read from Mr. L. L. Dame, a former principal of the school and Mr. A. D. Cutler, now a resident of San Francisco, a graduate of the class of '64. Very fine music was interspersed,—a solo by Miss F. A. Hutchinson, a duet by Mrs. George Hamblen and Miss Maria Butterfield, and a trio by Misses Adams, Maliken and Adair. These "after-supper" exercises appropriately closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," in which all heartily joined.

While this programme was being carried out a company of young men gathered in the waiting rooms, and when it was ended eagerly sought partners for the dance with which the festivities closed, J. Howard Richardson's fine orchestra furnishing the music. The whole affair was most pleasantly enjoyable to old and young, and we regret that the crowded state of our columns prevents a more detailed report of the exercises at the supper table.

### SUNDAY SERVICES, JULY 3.

The boy choir from Grace church, Medford, will sing at the services at the Episcopal church, next Sunday afternoon. Services at 3.30 o'clock. All are invited.

At the Universalist church the services will be conducted by the pastor.

Preaching service at the Baptist church at 10.30; Sunday School, 11.45, a. m.; communion service at 3; evening service at 7, p. m.

### Deaths.

In Arlington, June 27, Catherine A. Walker, aged 70 years, 3 months, 4 days.  
In Arlington, June 28, Matthew McDonald, aged 64 years.  
In Arlington, June 28, Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Bland, aged 72 years, 10 months, 10 days.  
In Arlington, June 29, Mary, daughter of James and Kate O'Brien, aged 3 months.







